

The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Tron Church, Edinburgh.



WITHIN the last fortnight the newspapers have teemed with details of alarming and destructive conflagrations, both in London and Edinburgh. In the metropolis there have been four fires in about as many days, which have destroyed property to an immense amount. In Edinburgh the fire, or fires, have been still more extensive; and it was at one time feared that the whole of the old town would have been destroyed. Among the most valuable of the buildings which have perished is the Jury Court and Chambers, at the corner of Parliament Square, on which, it is said, 40,000*l.* has recently been expended.

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The fire, which broke out in the night of Monday the 15th instant, burned very furiously; and though distant more than two hundred yards from the Tron Church, yet some of the ignited materials were, by the violence of the wind, carried to the steeple, which set it on fire. This remarkable accident occurred about mid-day on Tuesday the 16th inst. Considerable hopes were entertained about eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, that the progress of the fire was nearly arrested, but shortly after that hour, flames were seen issuing from the steeple of the Tron Church, which stands wholly unconnected with any other building.

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The greatest efforts were made by the populace to save this edifice, but it was extremely dangerous to approach the church, owing to the streams of molten lead which were flowing from the roof. In a short time the steeple was in one terrific blaze, and fell in with a tremendous crash. Many spirited individuals had by this time entered the church, and by their united exertions, and the aid of a powerful engine from the Board of Ordinance, the body of the church was saved. So intense was the heat, that the great bell, which weighed upwards of two tons, was melted, and fell piece-meal among the ruins.

The view of the Tron Church, with which we present our readers, is taken from a "Graphic and Historical Description of Edinburgh," by the Messrs. Storer, where we find the following account of the building :—

This church is a great ornament to the High-street, in which it occupies a very distinguished situation, being upon the intersection of the great street which leads to the North and South Bridges. The foundation appears to have been laid about the year 1637; but owing to the great expense incurred in the progress of this, and another church then erecting upon the Castle Hill, it was judged most prudent to abandon the latter, and employ the materials intended for it upon the Tron Church, the completion of which was more desirable, on account of its central situation; and that nothing might be wanting to carry on the work with expedition, the common council, in 1644, ordered one thousand stone weight of copper to be purchased in Amsterdam, for covering the roof; but afterwards changing their plan, the copper was again sold, and an order given to cover the church partly with lead and slates, and the treasurer to the works was directed to proceed with the expenditure.

But notwithstanding this, little progress was made during the space of three years; for at the latter end of 1647, nothing more than the timber of the roof was erected, and covered in from the weather with deals: this delay seems to have been occasioned by the want of money; for the council, at this time, ordered a voluntary collection to be made among the inhabitants towards completing the roof; and the pews being at the same time fitted up, to the number of one hundred and eight, the profits arising therefrom were devoted to the same purpose. But with all the endeavours of the council, the building of this church appears to have been a very tedious work; for though the foundation was laid in 1637, the roof was not finished

till twenty-six years afterwards; it was, however, preached in before its completion, the first rents for the seats being collected for the year 1647.

In 1673, a bell was hung in the steeple, which cost the sum of 1,490 marks, eight shillings, Scots; and five years afterwards, the clock which belonged to the Trone, or Weigh-House, was likewise put up. On the front of the church, over the door, is this inscription :—

ÆDEM HANC CHRISTO ET
ECCLESIE SACRARUNT
CIVIS EDINBURGENSI
ANNO MDCXXII.

Thus, it is plainly shewn, that this edifice is properly denominated Christ's Church, and not that of the Tron; which latter appellation it received on account of its vicinity to the Trone, or public beam, for the weighing of merchandise, which then stood hard by.

Opposite to the church, in the middle of the High-street, is interred the body of one Merlin, a French pavior, according to his own desire; probably in commemoration of his being the person who first paved the High-street; his grave was formerly known by a row of six stones laid in the pavement, in the form of a coffin, and six feet in length; but the pavement of the street requiring repairs, this memorial has been wholly erased.

CLERICAL FACETIOUSNESS.

THE noted Daniel Burgess, the nonconformist minister, once preaching of Job's "robe of righteousness," said, "If any one of you would have a suit for a twelve-month, let him repair to Monmouth-street; if for his life-time, let him apply to the Court of Chancery; but if for all eternity, let him put on the robe of righteousness."

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY.

THE under-mentioned 46 persons, inhabitants of the parish of Bexhill, assembled together at the Bell Inn, on the 4th of June, 1819, to commemorate the eighty-first anniversary of the birth of our late beloved sovereign King George the Third, whose ages, taken on an average, were as follows :—Twenty-five, who died, 81 years; fifteen, who waited at table, 71 years; and six, who rang a merry peal on the church bells whilst the above were at dinner, 61 years; leaving a surplus of two years and seven months.—They were selected from the whole male population, which does not exceed a thousand.

THE DINNER PARTY.

NAMES.	AGES.		NAMES.	AGES.		NAMES.	AGES.	
	YRS.	MO.		YRS.	MO.		YRS.	MO.
William Duke	83	11	John Page	82	6	John Easton	78	6
President			William Prior	82	6	Wakham Coleman	78	5
John Hammond	82	4	Joseph Godwin	82	3	Thomas Reeves	77	9
Vice-president			Thomas Curtiss	82	0	William Wellfare	77	9
Thomas Longhurst	87	9	Henry Olifton	81	6	Evera. Cruttenden	77	8
John Vidler	87	6	Henry Freeman	80	9	John Gilham	77	4
Nicholas Mewett	86	5	Jacob Young	80	5	John Cramp	77	0
Peter Elliott	83	11	Thomas Eastwood	80	9	William Miller	76	3
John Godwin	83	10	William Mewett	79	8	William Weeks	75	3

WAITERS.

John Tap	74	7	Thomas Munn	73	1	John Maplesdon	69	7
John Leonard	74	0	Joseph Carey	73	0	Thomas Sands	69	7
William Chaitfield	73	8	Samuel Easton	72	8	William Edmonds	69	4
John Duke	73	8	John Christian	72	6	William Winborn	69	3
William Dunk	73	3	William Mitten	70	0	Edward Spray	68	4

RINGERS.

John Lansdell	66	9	Thomas Roberts	62	9	Samuel Burgess	60	0
William Lansdell	62	8	Samuel Sinden	61	8	Richard Fairway	56	2

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

[From Time's Telescope for 1825.]

ST. ANDREW is the tutelary saint of Scotland, and accordingly his *fête* is still celebrated in that part of the united kingdom. A procession, which took place on the 30th of November, 1823, at a border town, is thus described:—First came a band of music, then four or five young men, with drawn swords and in kilts; and, next, St. Andrew, on a white charger, with blue robe and bonnet, and a most saint-like quantum of white flowing beard; the rear was brought up by fifteen or sixteen smart well-made fellows in dress and order similar to those who led the van. In this style, the mimic tutelary saint of Scotland was escorted through Scotch and English streets, to the lodging of the commanding officer, where his saintship made a long speech in broad Scotch dog-gel rhyme. The captain very politely came down and saluted his venerable visitor, and was presented with snuff in a spoon, taken from a mull large enough for Roscius's cornucopia. These important ceremonies were concluded by a procession round the town.

St. Andrew is the patron saint of tailors and sempstresses. The tailors have produced some eminent men; notwithstanding the jeers against them, that it requires "nine tailors to make a man," and that they "live upon cabbage." Stow and

Speed, the celebrated antiquaries, were both tailors; and records might be produced of many other learned men, who have not only clothed the bodies, but furnished the minds, of their customers with "food convenient for them." We shall mention two learned tailors, whose names would do honour to any profession. (1.) Robert Hill, a native of Tring, in Hertfordshire, who died in 1777, taught himself Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and was the author of Remarks on "Berkeley's Essay on Spirit," "The Character of a Jew," and "Criticisms on Job." (2.) Henry Wild, Professor of the Oriental Languages in the city of Norwich, about the commencement of the eighteenth century, was bound apprentice to a tailor, with whom he served seven years, and was afterwards a journeyman for the same period. During this time, he taught himself Hebrew, and by dint of continual application, and almost unparalleled industry, he added the knowledge of all, or the much greater part, of the Oriental Languages to that of the Hebrew. But he still laboured in obscurity, till he was accidentally discovered by the worthy Dean Prideaux, who, partly at his own

whom "digestion waits on appetite, and health on both;" but why the same food should be selected for a whole fraternity, whose occupation is entirely sedentary, and whose members are, in consequence, much subject to dyspepsia, we are at a loss to discover;—but let us gravely ask, are we assured of the fact, that the modern race of tailors still commit "a daily and furious sin on their favourite morsel of the *trinitaria*—or in plain English, that they do, or can live upon cabbage? We speak this with respect of a useful class of men.

expense, and partly by a subscription, sent him to Oxford, where, though he was never a member of the university, he was, by the Dean's interest, admitted into the Bodleian Library, and employed for some years in translating or making extracts out of Oriental MSS. All the hours that the library was open he constantly attended; when it was shut, he employed most of his leisure time in teaching the Oriental Languages to young gentlemen, at the moderate price of *half-a-guinea*, except for the Arabic, for which he had a guinea. About 1720, he removed to London, where he spent the remainder of his life under the patronage of the famous Dr. Mead. The only work which he published appeared in 1734, and was a translation from the Arabic of "Al-Mesra, or Mahomet's Journey to Heaven."

THE POWER OF WATER, AND PROGRESSIVE RATE OF WIND.

(For the Mirror.)

THE hints and suggestions of a man of genius are at all times worth reading; they differ from his proper works only by the additional value afforded by opportunity of finishing: and it has been well remarked, that the QUERRIES of Newton are, in many instances, superior to the demonstrations of ordinary talents. The man who raises himself by his genius and professional labours, to an eminence, not confined to his own country, merits the preservation of all his papers, and the general circulation of all his productions, whether mere essays, or more complete dissertations. Often too, the demands of the moment, the questions which arise, the propositions of others, furnish occasion to a man of science, for bringing his knowledge into activity, and elucidating subjects, which otherwise he might never have thought of treating.

That some approaches towards certainty were necessary, and that the learned world was laid under obligation, by whoever assisted in obtaining true results, may be inferred with sufficient accuracy from a single fact. Belidor in his *Architecture Hydraulique* greatly prefers the application of water to an *undershot* mill, instead of an *overshot*, and attempts to demonstrate, that water applied *undershot* will do six times more execution than the same applied *overshot*. On the contrary Desaguliers, endeavouring to invalidate what had been advanced by Belidor, affirms from his own experience, that "a well made overshot mill ground as much corn in the same time, with ten times less water." A difference of no less than

SIXTY to ONE!—between two writers, both mathematicians, both demonstrators.

Belidor also calculated the motion of the sails of a windmill, at a velocity beyond that of the wind in the greatest storms that are ever experienced. It was necessary, therefore, to obtain satisfactory results on practical questions of such general interest to the public. This, Mr. Smeaton, who stood at the head of his profession, of which, in fact, he was the father, in more senses than one, undertook and performed: his labours were directed to other purposes not less important, and with results not less satisfactory.

As the progress of wind is a matter of general concern, I shall add Mr. Smeaton's table of the rate at which it travels: observing, though well known, that the motion of a traveller, produces a wind TO HIM, though the air be calm; or that going against the wind, increases the effect of what is in action.

Wind.	Miles. Hour.	Foot. Sec.
Hardly perceptible	1	1.47
Just perceptible	2	2.94
Gentle, pleasant	4	5.87
Floccant brisk gale	10	14.67
Very brisk	15	22.00
High winds	20	29.33
Very high	25	36.67
Storm, tempest	30	44.00
Great storm	35	51.33
Hurricane	40	58.67
—that tears up trees, destroys buildings, &c.	100	146.67

F. B. R. Y.

MONEY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following statement respecting that which gives life, vigour, and encouragement to every thing (*Pecunia obediunt omnia*,) and what no nation can do without, though iron, leather, and paper, have been used as substitutes, may find a corner in your MIRROR.

Perhaps few things have undergone more changes, and, at the same time, raised to a higher state of perfection, than the coinage of money; and more especially so, when we confine our researches to England, which at present enjoys a coinage unequalled in the world.

In turning over the sacred page, we find that silver was in circulation in Abraham's time, for he bought a piece of ground for a burying-place, for which he gave four hundred shekels, which was about fifty pounds sterling, as about half that sum of the shekels were of the smallest

kind; for the Jews had two kinds of *shekels*—one was equal to two shillings and six-pence, and the other to one shilling and three-pence. I have not discovered how long *shekels* existed before the time of Abraham, but I should not date it at any very distant period.

Chronology says, that money was first coined by Phidon, a tyrant of Argos, 894 years before Christ; and first used in England 25 years before the Christian era, but coined at Rome 269 years before the said era commenced. Hence it appears that the sacred and profane histories do not exactly agree concerning the first coining of money, for Abraham lived a long time before Phidon. But this may be somewhat set at rest by imagining, though *shekels* existed in Abraham's time, that they were not what could properly be termed coins, but merely *pieces* of silver of a certain value, and that Phidon first *stamped* money.

Sterling Money first coined in	1216
England	
Gold in ditto	1257
Shillings in ditto	1505
Copper in ditto	1672
The first public Bank was established at Venice, in	1550
The Bank of England in	1693
Bills of Exchange invented in England	1160
An Act passed to prevent the sending of any other money out of the kingdom, in	1381

Edward I. was the first who coined the penny, half-penny, and farthing round, they being before this period of the Norman forms, when only pence, with the image of a prince on one side, and the name of the city where it was coined on the other—with a cross so deeply impressed, that it might be separated or broken into halves, which were called *half-pence*; and if into four parts, they were called *four-things*, or, as we would say, *farthings*.

During the reign of the Norman kings, the coiners were punished by putting out their eyes and cutting off their hands, which punishments were numerous; for in King Stephen's time, every earl and baron erected his own mint. This practice continued until the reign of Henry the Second, who suppressed them all, and uttered the coin, and granted the liberty of coining only to certain cities and abbeys. His son, King Richard the First, caused money that was coined in the east part of Germany (much liked in England for its purity) called *Easterling* money, to be brought to perfection, which was called *Sterling*, or *Easterling*;—

hence comes the derivation of sterling money. But we find that cutting in this age, although, according to some writers, the present age is the most vicious in every respect, prevailed to such an extent, that the money became so corrupted and clipped that it was obliged to be called in. Your's, &c.

A. B. C.

WAT TYLER.—AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

THE rebellion of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and others against King Richard the second; how Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, stabbed Wat Tyler in Smithfield, for which the king knighted Sir William, with five aldermen more, causing a dagger to be added in the shield of the city arms.

WAT TYLER is from Dartford gone,
And with him many proper men,
And he a captain is become.

Marching in field with life and drum:

Jack Straw another in like case,

From Essex socks a mighty pace;

Hob Carter with his stragling train,

Jack Shepherd comes with him again;

So doth Tom Miller in like sort,

As if he meant to take some fort:

With bows and bills, with spear and shield,

On Black-heath have they pickt their field.

An hundred thousand men in all,

Whose force is not accounted small;

And for King Richard did they send,

Much evil to him they did intend.

For the war which our noble king

Upon the commons then did bring:

And now because his royal grace

Denied to come, with their chase.

They spoiled Southwark round about,

And took the marshal's prisoners out:

All those that in the King's Bench lay,

At liberty they set that day.

And then they marcht with one consent

Through London with a rude intent;

And to fulfil their lead desire,

They set the Savoy all on fire:

And for the hate that they did bear

Unto the Duke of Lancashire,

Therefore his house they burned quite,

Through envy, malice, and despite.

Then to the Temple did they turn,

The lawyers books eke did they burn,

And spoil'd their lodgings one by one,

And all they laid their heads upon.

Then unto Smithfield did they hie,

To St. John's place that stands thereby,

And set the same on fire flat,

Which burned seven days after that.

Unto the Tower of London then,

Fast trooped these rebellious men,

And having entered soon the same,

With divers cries and mickle shame;

The grave lord chancellor then they took,

Amaz'd with fearful pitious look.

The lord high treasurer likewise they

Took from that place that present day:

And with their hooting loud and shrill,

Cut off their heads on Tower hill.

Into the city came they then,

Like lead disordered frantic men.

They rob'd the churches every where,

And put the priests in deadly fear.

Like the counters then they got,

Where men in prison lay for debt.

They broke the doors, and let them out,
And threw the counter-books about,
Tearing and spoiling them each one,
And records all they light upon.

The doors of Newgate broke they down,
That prisoners ran about the town,
Forcing all the smiths they meet
To knock the irons from their feet;

And then like villains void of awe,
Followed Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.
Although this outrage was not small,
The king gave pardon to them all,

So they would part home quietly;
But they his pardon did defie,
And being all in Smithfield then,
Even threescore thousand fighting men.

Which there Wat Tyler then did bring
Of purpose for to meet the king.
And therewithall his royal grace,
Sent Sir John Newton to that place,

Unto Wat Tyler willing him
To come and speak with our royal king.
But the proud rebel in despite,
Did pick a quarrel with the knight.

The Mayor of London* being by,
When he beheld this villany.
Unto Wat Tyler he rode then,
Being in the midst of all his men:

Saying, traitor yield 'tis best,
In the king's name I thee arrest,
And therewith to his dagger start,
He thrust the rebel to the heart.

Who falling dead upon the ground,
The same did all the host confound:
So down they threw their weapons all,
And humbly they for mercy call:
Thus did the proud rebellion cease,
And after followed joyful peace.

Evans's Collection.

* Sir Wm. Walworth, citizen and fishmonger.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

ON THE ECONOMY OF THE EYES.

BY DR. KITCHENER.

AFTER a certain age the relative sharpness of the sight of the eyes varies as much as does the quickness of the ears, the sense of seeing and of hearing begin to fail about the same time: there are few persons past 40 who cannot hear better with one ear than with the other. The eye least used soon becomes weak, and in the course of a short while almost useless. This fact is so little known, that I have frequently heard persons, who, up to the age of 40, have worked their right eye, and finding it beginning to fail, say, they must now begin to teach their left eye to see: however, as I told them, they found on trial, that the eye which had been idle was much more impaired than that which had been active. Spectacles are always preferable, because both eyes, by being kept in action, are kept in health. Vision is

brighter and easier and the labours of the eye is considerably lessened. Forcing the eyes to work at night even for a few moments after they are tired, will often disorder them during the whole of the following day: and is of all eye spoiling acts, the most mischievous..... Want of mercy in this respect has prematurely ruined the eyes of thousands. Nothing can be more detrimental to the organ of the sight than the clumsy practice of holding a glass by squeezing the orbicularis muscle: this cannot be done without distorting and distressing the mechanism of the eye. Green, or coloured glasses of any kind, veil objects with a gloomy obscurity, and can never be recommended, except to those who have to travel over a white sand, or are much exposed to any white glare, which cannot be otherwise moderated. Some folks, more nice than wise, among other ridiculous refinements, have recommended their green gauze or crape instead of green glass, under the pretence that while it moderates the light, it still admits the air, and is therefore cooler to the eye. All coloured-glasses increase the labour of the eyes, and soon bring them into such an irritable state as unfits them for all the ordinary purposes of life; there is scarcely an external or internal sense but may be brought by extreme indulgence to such a degree of morbid delicacy and acuteness, to render these organs which nature intended as sources of gratification—the frequent causes of disappointment and pain.

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION,

FOREWARNING THE REV. MR. SHAW,
OF SOULDERN, CO. OXON, OF HIS
DEATH.

(In a Letter from Dr. Walker, fellow of
St. John's College, Cambridge, to the
Rev. T. Offley.)

DEAR SIR,—I should have scarce mentioned any thing of the matter you now write about of my own accord; but since you have given yourself the trouble of inquiry, I am, I think, obliged in friendship to state all I can of the matter; and that I do the more willingly, because I can so soon produce my authority. The man to whom the apparition appeared was one Mr. Shaw, who had one of our college livings at Souldern, in Oxfordshire, nigh your brother. This gentleman, Mr. Grove, fellow of our college, called on last July, in his journey to the West of England, where he stayed a day or two, and promised again to call upon him on his return, which accordingly he did, and stayed three days with Mr. Shaw.

In that time, one night after supper, Mr. Shaw told him there happened a passage which he could not conceal from him, as being an intimate friend, and as one to whom the transaction might have something more relation than to another man. He proceeded, therefore, and told that about a week before that time, which was about July 28, as he was smoking and reading in his study about eleven or twelve at night, there came to him the apparition of Mr. Naylor, in the same garb he used to be, with his arms clasped before him. [*This was formerly a fellow of St. John's, and a friend of Mr. Shaw's, dead about two or three years before.*] Mr. Shaw not being wonderfully surprised, asked him how he did, and desired him to sit down, which Mr. Naylor did. They both sat a considerable time, and entertained each other with various discourse. After that, Mr. Shaw asked him after what manner they did in a separate state? He answered, far different from what they did here, but that he was very well. He inquired farther, whether there were any of their old acquaintance in that place where he was? He answered, No, not one. He farther proceeded, and told him, that one of their old friends (naming Mr. Orchard) should die very quickly, and that himself should not be long after. They mentioned several other people's names, but whose they are, or upon what occasion, Mr. Grove cannot, or does not, declare. Mr. Shaw then asked him whether he would not visit him again before the time? He answered, No, he could not, for he had but three days allotted him, and farther he could not go. Mr. Shaw then said, *Fiat Domini voluntas*, and the apparition left him. This is word for word what Mr. Shaw told Mr. Grove, and Mr. Grove told me. Now what surprised Mr. Grove was, that as he had in his journey home occasion to ride through Caxton, he called on one, Mr. Clark, fellow of our college, and curate there, where, inquiring of college news, Mr. Clarke told him that Sir Arthur Orchard died that week, on August 6, which very much shocked Mr. Grove, and brought to mind the story which Mr. Shaw told him afresh. And about three weeks ago, Mr. Shaw himself died of an apopleptic fit in the desk, the very same distemper as poor Arthur Orchard. Now since this strange completion of the matter, Grove has told this relation, and stands to the truth of it; and that which confirms the thing itself and his veracity is, that he told the same to Dr. Balderston, the present vice-chancellor, above a week before Mr. Shaw's death; and when the news came to college, he was no way sur-

prised as other people were. And as for Mr. Shaw's part, it is the opinion of some men, that cannot digest the matter, that it was only a dream. But Mr. Shaw seemed to be as well satisfied of his waking then as at another time; and suppose it were so, the fulfilling of the things predicted is a valid proof of its being a true vision, let it be represented which way soever. And again, considering them both as men of learning and integrity, and (what farther my belief) Grove's incredulity in stories of this nature, the one would not have first declared, nor the other spread abroad the same, was not the matter itself serious and real. This is all that is told of the matter; the rest I leave to your discretion.

Yours, &c. EDM. WALKER.
Dunkin's Oxfordshire.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

TURON, to which, as well as to the river and harbour, the natives give the name of Han-san, was little better than a village, but is said to have been, during the peace and prosperity of the country, a more considerable place. The houses, which were low and chiefly built of bamboo, and covered with rushes, or the straw of rice, were, except about the market-place, interspersed with trees. Many of the best buildings are in the centre of gardens, planted with the areca-nut tree, and various other pleasing or useful shrubs. Behind the town were groves of oranges, limes, plantains, and areca-nut trees, in the midst of some of which were houses, and in others only remains of buildings. The opposite side of the river was divided into fields, surrounded by fences, and cultivated with tobacco, rice, and sugar-canes. The market in the town was plentifully supplied with all the vegetable produce of tropical climates, as well as with large quantities of poultry, particularly ducks; and, among other fowls, the black-bellied darter, a kind of bird so called from its supposed propensity to dart its sharp and long beak at any shining objects near it, particularly into any eye turned towards it; on this account those animals are brought to the Turon market with their eye-lids sewn together, to deprive them of the opportunity of discerning the eyes of those who come to purchase them.

There were no shambles or places containing the separated parts of animals killed for sale. At an entertainment, however, given by the chief of the place to a party from the ships, many of the dishes, or rather bowls, upon the table, were filled with pork and beef, cut into

small square morsels, and dressed with a variety of savoury sauces; other bowls contained stewed fish, fowls, and ducks; and many had fruit and sweetmeats. The number of bowls, piled in three rows, one above the other, exceeded certainly a hundred. Before each person were placed boiled rice to serve instead of bread; and two porcupine quills by way of a knife and fork. The spoons were made of porcelain, somewhat in the form of small shovels. After dinner an ardent spirit, made from rice, was served around in small cups. Wine does not seem to be in use, or known, though vines are said to grow spontaneously in the mountains. Had the art of stopping the fermentation of vegetable juices, before they passed from the vinous state, been understood by them, it is probable that it would be, in most instances, preferred to distilled liquor, to the use of which this people seem to be much addicted. More of the Cochín-Chinese spirit, not ill resembling what is called, by the Irish, whiskey, was drank by the host than the guests; though the former, by way of setting a good example, filled his cup to the brim, in a true European style of joviality; and, after drinking, turned up his cup, to show he had emptied it to the bottom. He afterwards accompanied the gentlemen in a short walk, and conducted them to an occasional theatre, where a comedy had been ordered by him upon the occasion, of which the mirth was excited, chiefly, as well as could be inferred from the gestures of the actors, by the peevishness of a passionate old man, and the humours of a clown, who appeared to have no small degree of merit in his way. The place was surrounded with crowds of people, and many of them perched upon the boughs of adjoining trees, from whence they might see, at an open part of the buildings, the spectators within doors, about whom they were, in this instance, more curious than about the actors upon the stage.—*Sir George Staunton's Account of the Earl of Macartney's Embassy to China.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DINNER AT STATIONERS' HALL.

SEATED at table at the late dinner at Stationers' Hall, I was quite astounded by the display of corporation costume. About every fifth man wore a robe of one colour or another; about every tenth a gold chain; one in the hundred bore a broad badge of honour on his breast, in

the form of a silver plate; and there were civic dignitaries of various degrees, from members of the Stationers' Company up to the Lord Mayor. It was altogether a goodly company. I am fond of representative assemblies, showing the props and ornaments of corporate power and glory; and here was an epitome of the greatness of the greatest city in the world! All the nauseous accessories of filthy trade were kept apart; and I saw before me the pith and marrow, without the details, of the warehouses, and banking-houses, and counting-houses, and custom-houses of London.

I was beginning to get entangled in rather an agreeable labyrinth of thought, when a loud buzz announced the coming of something more than common—some one superior to the "small deer" that dropped in one by one to fill up the herd around me. "The Right Honourable George Canning!" roared out in Stentorian tone, by the servant at the door (or the usher, or the secretary—for I am unaffectedly afraid of getting into mistakes,) was the signal for the entrance of the minister. He has a fine head certainly. Spursheim could not deny it, and a corresponding person. I defy Chantrey to contradict me; but as I am not minister of the interior, "further this deponent knoweth not." Dinner, which had been kept waiting for him and his fidus Achates, Mr. Huskisson, was now evidently making its way towards the table in the next room; for I saw several knowing-looking fellows elbowing through the crowd, and going breast high towards the savoury odour which came in upon us like a pack of fox hounds in full chase. I was hustled about without ceremony, and sadly puzzled what to do with myself, when to my great delight I espied a very pleasant fellow, whom I had frequently met at parties in the west end of the town; shoving his way towards me. I, like the tail of a well-pleased dog, was determined to be waggish on this occasion, and put on a look of anti-recognition. "How does my good friend?" cried he, stretching out his hand. "Well, God's mercy," replied I, as Hamlet did to Polonius. "Do you not know me?" asked he, taking the cue. "Excellent well; you are a fishmonger," said I. "Egad, you have it," cried he, laughing. "A sort of fishmonger, it is true. I am a place-hunter, my friend, just now—so come along! I saw your name on the sheriff's list, and I contrived to get you the seat next my own—in the very heart of the feast too!" "Not among the Aldermen, I hope," said I. "No, no; among the authors, you dog; in the feast of reason and the

flow of —." "What, the deuce," interrupted I, "have the Sheriffs had the cruelty to ask any of that tribe, and add to their irritability by a tantalising taste of these doings?" "Ay, that they have," replied he, "and I'll lay my life on it, that, after you have spent this evening in their circle, you will allow the tribe to be the very centre of the invited." We were soon seated at the end of one of the three tables which were appropriated for the leather and prunella part of the assemblage, and which shot down in parallel lines from the top piece, where sat the higher classes of the company—the city chiefs, the ministerial guests, Members of Parliament, Aldermen, &c. I quickly had occasion to rejoice in my situation, and began to make my friend useful as a shower of the lions. "Come now," said I, "raise up your long pole (he's a long-headed fellow), and give me a nod of information as to the company. Who is he that handles the ladle so scientifically, and answers so courteously the many troublesome calls upon him?" "That's Doctor K., to whom optics and music, and astronomy, and gastronomy are all equally familiar, who is giving a practical lecture to his neighbours on 'the art of exhausting and emptying a tureen of turtle soup.'" "And he yonder of the handsome countenance, with a foreign order round his neck, and looking altogether like the Lord Mayor of Literature?" "Professor S., the German dramatic critic, who can pose our best poets on the phraseology of Shakspeare, and who has only the one fault of devouring the immortal bard entire, beauties and faults alike, just as that hungry common-councilman would eat a turtle holus-bolus, calipash and calipee indifferently with the offal." "Then that intelligent-looking man in spectacles?" "B. the patriot, who extracted out of the dungeons of Boulogne prison some sharp thorns to strew over the rose bed of the Bourbons." "Who is the next?" "Come, come," said my friend, "don't think that I'll snoot the part of Macbeth's witches, and tell you the history of all these choice spirits while that caldron is boiling on the table.—How do you like the soup, by the bye?" "Equal, to speak the truth," answered I. "I think 'tis mock turtle." "Mock turtle, sir?" exclaimed a horror-stricken citizen who overheard me. "Mock! good God, sir! have you had none of the green fat?" "Waiter! hand over that gentleman's plate. Doctor! have the kindness to fish out a prime piece of the flesh for this gentleman. Not that, Doctor—some of the green, if you please.—Mock! mock turtle! do sir, do me the

favour just to let that slip down. Mock! well, what do you say now, eh?" "I confess my ignorance, sir," answered I, "and acknowledge your civility." "Eat, eat, sir," said he, "and never mind compliments. Are you ready for a glass of turtle punch, sir?" "Quite at your service, sir," replied I. "Help yourself then out of that ere black pint bottle, and never mind me. Your health, sir!"

At this moment a band of wind instruments struck up a stunning strain from the gallery, and I moralised on the admirable management which thus gave this apropos interruption to every effort at conversation, leaving the company so good an excuse for attending solely to the more solid duties of the day. The music never ceased till the first course was removed; and the keen edge of appetite being by that time taken off, the countenances around me individually brightened up. The officially robed gentlemen, who had all sat down in their trappings, now threw them away, with the exception of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who still shone in all their glorious caparisons of scarlet, gold, and ermine.

The second course was served: the music began again; but the leader, like his prototype Timotheus, adapted his strains to the melting mood of the listeners, and allowed a free flow to the stream of wit that went round. Jokes old and new, bad puns, and quaint quotations, were quite the order of the day. One of the *littérati* was carving a haunch of venison. He sent a liberal portion to another of the elect—not the Lord Mayor or the Sheriffs. "I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow," quoth the help-out. "Master Page, much good may it do your good heart," was the apt reply. "Ah!" cried a third, who was helped to a slice nearest the edge, "that was the most unkindest cut of all;" and immediately added, as the carver loaded his plate with sweet sauce, "Ohe! Jam satis."—"Why, it isn't Jam," said a fourth—"we authors all eat jelly with our venison."—"Ever since the days of Aulus Gellius," muttered a fifth. A hundred puns and repartees, all full as bad, and therefore quite as pleasant, went round. "Voilà, mon ami, voilà la honte de l'Angleterre, aussi grande que le tread-mill! c'est cette fourchette-là," exclaimed a talented-looking Frenchman to his opposite neighbour, having made various vain attempts to eat, with the aid of a two-pronged steel fork, some green peas which had been forced for this occasion. "Oui, mon cher," replied his friend, "je vois bien qu'elle vous met aux travaux forcés."—"What language

is that?" asked one of the Scotch authors. "Gallie," said B, "Nae, I'll be hanged at it's Gaelic," replied the Scot, "I dinna come frae the braes o'Bannock to be bamboozled that way."—"And who is the indignant Frenchman?" asked I of my friend. "Felix B." answered he, "one of the wittiest writers in the wittiest paper in Paris, the *Miroir*; he is just come over to comment on English customs, and he begins, you see, by a subject that has some point in it."

The table once more cleared, *Non nobis, Domine*, was warbled forth by the public singers with exquisite melody. Then came the toasts—then the speeches, all moderate and manly—just what a public character and a political oration ought to be; and in here paying my tribute to the talents of the performers, let me not forget the superexcellent toastmaster, who, mounted on an eminence behind the Chief Magistrate's chair, with a glass in his hand, prepared the company for their duty by the oft-reiterated sounds of, "Are ye charged, gemmen?"—"Gemmen, clear off your charge!"—and then repeated the announcement of each successive toast, in a voice which, compared to the chairman's, was a culverin, replying to a popgun, and which, when his Lordship called out, "Three times three!" answered, "Hip, hip, hurra!" as naturally as the Irish echo, that whenever any one cried, "How do you do this morning?" was sure to answer, "Very well thank ye!"

I wish I could now come to a climax worthy of my subject, and say in one short sentence all that it deserves. I can truly declare that I never spent a more sociable evening, nor witnessed a feast of greater propriety. On quitting my lodgings I had provided myself with a case of lancets, in the certainty of having my smattering of surgical skill called in to the aid of some suffocating gourmand; but I solemnly protest I never saw more temperance or decorum in words or action. The only vein I saw breathed during the day, was one of good fellowship and good humour. Men of many nations were there, English, Irish, and Scotch—with Germans, French, and other foreigners—but all, as it were, of one family. Men of all professions and parties, of the most opposite extremes and all *touching*. Lawyers and clients, reviewers and authors, smiling and chatting together—the wolf playing with the kid. Radicals and Tories, Lord Mayor and minister, bandying compliments—the lamb lying down with the lion—all, in short, a scene of primitive simplicity and peace.

—*Attila Miscellany.*

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE POET THOMSON.

[In No. 38 of the *Mirror* we were enabled, by the kindness of a correspondent, to present our readers with some interesting recollections of the poet Thomson, which Dr. Evans has, with due acknowledgment, inserted in his *Guide to Richmond*. For the following letter we are indebted to the last number of the *London Magazine*.—It is without date or superscription.]

DEAR SIR,—I would chide you for the slackness of your correspondence; but having blamed you wrongeously* last time, I shall say nothing till I hear from you, which I hope will be soon.

There's a little business I would communicate to you before I come to the more entertaining part of our correspondence.

I'm going (hard task) to complain, and beg your assistance. When I came up here I brought very little money along with me; expecting some more upon the selling of *Widehope*, which was to have been sold that day my mother was buried. Now it is unsold yet, but will be disposed of as soon as it can be conveniently done; though indeed it is perplexed with some difficulties. I was a long time living here at my own charges, and you know how expensive that is: this, together with the furnishing of myself with clothes, linen, one thing and another, to fit me for any business of this nature here, necessarily obliged me to contract some debts. Being a stranger, it is a wonder how I got any credit; but I cannot expect it will be long sustained, unless I immediately clear it. Even now, I believe it is at a crisis—my friends have no money to send me, till the land is sold; and my creditors will not wait till then. You know what the consequence would be. Now the assistance I would beg of you, and which I know, if in your power, you will not refuse me, is a letter of credit on some merchant, banker, or such like person in London, for the matter of twelve pounds; till I get money upon the selling of the land, which I am at last certain of, if you could either give it me yourself, or procure it; though you owe it not to my merit, yet you owe it to your own nature, which I know so well as to say no more upon the subject: only allow me to add, that when I first fell upon such a project, (the only thing I have for it in my present circumstances,) knowing the selfish inhumane temper of the generality of the world, you were the first person that offered to my thoughts, as one, to whom I had the confidence to make such an address.

Sir, in MS.

Now I imagine you are seized with a fine romantic kind of melancholy on the fading of the year—now I figure you wandering, philosophical and pensive, amidst brown withered groves; while the leaves rustle under your feet, the sun gives a farewell parting gleam, and the birds—

Stir the faint note, and but attempt to sing.

Then again, when the heavens wear a more gloomy aspect, the winds whistle and the waters spout, I see you in the well-known elugh, beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick, embowering trees, listening to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades; while deep, divine contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling, awful thought. I am sure you would not resign your place in that scene at an easy rate:—None ever enjoyed it to the height you do, and you are worthy of it. There I walk in spirit, and disport in its beloved gloom. This country I am in is not very entertaining; no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance. But where is the living stream? the airy mountain? or the hanging rock? with twenty other things that elegantly please the lover of nature. Nature delights me in every form. I am just now painting her in her most luxurious dress; for my own amusement, describing winter as it presents itself. After my first proposal of the subject—

I sing of winter, and his gelid reign;
Nor let a rhyming insect of the spring
Deem it a barren theme, to me 'tis full
Of many charms: to me, who court the shade,
Whom the gay seasons suit not, and who shun
The glare of summer: Welcome, kindred glooms!
Dear awful wintry horrors, welcome all! &c.

After this introduction, I say, which insists for a few lines further, I prosecute the purport of the following ones:—

Nor can I, O departing summer! choose
But consecrate one plying line to you:
Sing your last tempered days and sunny balms
That cheer the spirits and serene the soul.

Then terrible floods, and high winds, that usually happen about this time of the year, and have already happened here (I wish you have not felt them too dreadfully); the first produced the inclosed lines; the last are not completed. Mr. Rickleton's poem on Winter, which I will have, first put the design into my head—in it are some masterly strokes that awakened me—being only a present amusement, it is ten to one but I drop it whenever another fancy comes across. I believe it had been much more for your entertainment, if in this letter I had cited other people instead of myself; but I must refer that till another time. If you have not seen it already, I have just now

in my hands an original of Sir Alexander Brands (the crazed Scots knight of the woeful countenance), you would relish. I believe it might make Mis^s John catch hold of his knees, which I take in him to be a degree of mirth, only inferior, to fall back again with an elastic spring. It is very [here a word is waggishly obliterated] printed in the *Evening Post*: so, perhaps you have seen these panegyrics of our declining bard; one on the Princess's birth-day; the other on his Majesty's, in [obliterated] cantos, they are written in the spirit of a complicated craziness. I was lately in London a night; and in the old playhouse saw a comedy acted, called *Love makes a Man*, or the *Fop's Fortune*, where I beheld Miller and Cibber shine to my infinite entertainment. In and about London this month of September, near a hundred people have died by accident and suicide. There was one blacksmith tired of the hammer, who hung himself, and left written behind him this concise epitaph:—

I, Joe Pope,
Lived without hope
And died by a rope.

Or else some epigrammatic Muse has belied him.

Mr. Muir has ample fund for politics in the present posture of affairs, as you will find by the public news. I should be glad to know that great minister's frame just now. Keep it to yourself—you may whisper it too in Mis John's ear. Far otherwise is his lately mysterious brother, Mr. Tait, employed. Started a superannuated fortune, and just now upon the full scent. It is comical enough to see him amongst the rubbish of his controversial divinity and politics, furbishing up his ancient rusty gallantry.

Yours, sincerely, J. T.

Remember me to all friends, Mr. Rickle, Mis John, Br. John, &c.

London Magazine.

* Mas?

MY HARP.

FROM HOELTY.

My friends! when I am dead and gone,
Let my harp be laid by the altar-stone;
Under the wall with dead-wreaths hung
Of maidens who died so fair and young.

The traveller off at eve shall stand
To gaze on that harp with the rosy band;
The rosy band o'er the small harp hung,
That flutters the golden-chorus among.

Those chords shall pour low melodies,
Soft wailed, soft as the hum of bees;
The children, allured from their sports around,
Shall mark how the dead-wreaths stir at the sound.

Edin.

SONG.—"There is not a breath."

There is not a breath on the breast of the ocean,
The sun-beams on yonder blue waves are
asleep:

The bright feather'd tribes of the sea are in mo-
tion,

Or hark on the verdureless brow of the steep:

The bark is at rest, by the breezes forsaken,

And the mariner anxiously pines at the oar,

Till the fresh stirring gale of the twilight
awaken.

And waft him along to his cot on the shore.

Yet mournful I wander, though beauties sur-
round me.

The glories of nature no raptures impart:

In her mantle of darkness affliction hath bound
me.

And dried up the fountain of peace from my
heart:

The hopes that were dear, and the dreams that I
cherish'd,

Like the prophet from Carmel, have taken
their flight:

And the shadows that brood o'er the bliss that
hath perish'd

Encompass my path with disaster and night.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Select Biography.

No. XX.

JAMES TYTLER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

As the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is a work much read and admired by many, I shall esteem it a particular favour if you will be so obliging as to permit the following memoir of James Tytler, the principal author thereof, to have a place in the next number of your MIRROR.

Hull.

T. A. C.

JAMES TYTLER was the son of a country clergyman, in the presbytery of Brechin, and brother to Dr. Tytler, the translator of Callimachus. He was instructed by his father in classical learning and school divinity, and obtained an accurate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and an extensive acquaintance with biblical literature and scholastic theology. Having discovered an early predilection for the medical profession, he was put apprentice to a surgeon in Forfar, and afterwards sent to attend the medical classes at Edinburgh. While a medical student, he cultivated experimental chemistry, and controversial theology with equal assiduity. Unfortunately his religious opinions, not deemed orthodox, or calvinistical, connected him with a society of Glasites, and involved him in a marriage with a member of the society, which terminated in a separation. He now settled at Leith as an apothecary, depending on the patronage of his religious connection; but his separation from the society, which happened soon after, with an unsteadiness that was natural to him, dis-

appointed his expectations. When he ceased to be a Glasite, he ceased to be a firm believer in the Christian revelation, and a zealous advocate of genuine Christianity; but he never afterwards held communion with any denomination of Christians. The neglect of his business was the unavoidable consequence of his attention to religious discussions; and having contracted debts to a considerable amount, he was obliged to remove to Berwick, and afterwards to Newcastle. In both places he was employed in preparing chemical medicines for the druggists; but the liberality of his employers being insufficient to preserve an increasing family from the evils of penury, he returned to Edinburgh, in the year 1772, in extreme poverty, and took refuge from the molestation of his creditors within the precincts of the sanctuary of Holyrood House. At this period his wife deserted him and their five children, the youngest only six months old, and returned to her relations. He solaced himself for the privation of domestic happiness by composing a humorous ballad, entitled the "Pleasures of the Abbey," which was his first attempt in poetry. In the avocation of an author by profession, which he was now compelled to assume, he displayed a versatility of talent, and a facility in writing unexampled in the transactions of the press. He commenced his literary career by a publication entitled, "Essays on the most important subjects of natural and revealed Religion," which issued from the asylum for debtors, under the peculiar circumstances of being composed by himself at the printing case, from his own conceptions, without a manuscript before him, and wrought off at a press of his own construction, by his own hands. He left this singular work, which was to be completed in two vols. 8vo. unfinished, and turned aside, to attack the opinions of a new religious sect, called Bereans, in a "Letter to Mr. John Barclay, on the doctrine of Assurance," in which he again performed the functions of author, compositor, and pressman. He next set forth, with such assistance as he could find, a monthly publication, entitled, "The Gentleman and Lady's Magazine," which was soon abandoned for "The Weekly Review," a literary miscellany, which, in its turn, was discontinued in a very short time. These publications, unavoidably disfigured with many typographical deformities, made him known to the booksellers; and from them he afterwards found constant employment in compilations, abridgements, translations, and miscellaneous essays. He now ren-

tured to leave the miserable apartments which he had long occupied in the sanctuary for debtors, for more comfortable lodgings—first at Restalrig, and afterwards in the city; and if his prudence and steadiness had been equal to his talents and industry, he might have earned by his labours a competent maintenance, which never fell to his lot. As he wrote for subsistence, not for the vanity of authorship, he was engaged in many works which were anonymous, and in others which appeared with the names of his employers. He was editor or author of the following works:—"The Weekly Mirror" (a periodical publication, which began in 1780)—"A System of Geography"—"A History of Edinburgh"—"A Geographical, Historical, and Commercial Grammar"—"A Review of Dr. Aitken's Theory of Inflammation"—"Remarks on Mr. Pinkerton's Introduction to the History of Scotland"—"A Poetical Translation of Virgil's Eclogues"—"A General Index to the Scot's Magazine"—"A system of Chemistry," written at the expense of a gentleman, who was to put his name to it, unpublished. He gave his assistance in preparing the system of Anatomy, published by A. Bell; and was an occasional contributor to the "Medical Commentaries," and other periodical publications of the time. He was the principal editor of the second edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" and finished, with incredible labour, a large proportion of the more considerable scientific treatise and histories, and almost all the minor articles. He had an apartment assigned him in the printing house, where he performed the offices of compiler, and corrector of the press, at the salary of sixteen shillings a week. When the third edition was undertaken, he was engaged as a stated contributor, upon more liberal terms, and wrote a larger share in the early volumes than is ascribed to him in the general preface. It was his misfortune to be continually drawn aside from the business of his employers by the delight he took in prosecuting experiments in chemistry, electricity, and mechanics, which consumed a great portion of his time and money. He conducted for some time, with success, a manufacturing process, for preparing magnets, of which he was the inventor; but after he had disclosed his secret to the gentleman at whose expense it was carried on, he was dismissed, without obtaining either a share in the business or a suitable compensation for his services. He was the first in Scotland who adventured in a fire-balloon, constructed

upon the plan of Montgolfier. He ascended from Comely Garden, amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude; and descended at the distance of a quarter of a mile, owing to some unforeseen defect in the machinery. The failure of this adventure deprived him of the public favour and applause, and increased his pecuniary difficulties. He again had recourse to his pen for subsistence; and amidst the drudgery of writing, and the cares which pressed upon him daily, he exhilarated his spirits, at intervals, with a tune on the Irish bagpipes, which he played with much sweetness, interposing occasionally a song of his own composing, sung with great animation. A solace of this kind was well suited to the simplicity of his manners, the modesty of his disposition, and the integrity of his character, such as they were before he suffered his social propensities to violate the rules of sobriety. Forgetting his old friends, he associated with discontented persons, and entered into a deliberate exposition of the abuses of Government, in "A Pamphlet on the Excise;" and more systematically in a periodical publication entitled, "The Historical Register," which gratified malignity by personal invective and intemperance of language. He was concerned in the wild irrational plans of the British Convention; and published "A Hand-bill addressed to the People," written in so inflammatory a style, as rendered him obnoxious to Government. A warrant was issued to apprehend him; and he left his native country, and crossed the Atlantic for America, where he fixed his residence in the town of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts. There he established a newspaper, in connection with a printer, and continued it till his death, which happened in the year 1805, in the 58th year of his age.

The Novelist.

No. LXV.

ROTHELAN.—A ROMANCE OF THE ENGLISH HISTORIES.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

IN the thirteenth century, there was a gallant soldier who had distinguished himself much in the wars of the time. His name was Edward de Crosby, Lord of Rothelan. During a visit to Italy, Lord Rothelan married an illustrious Florentine lady, and fell in the Scottish war, during the minority of Edward the Third, leaving an infant boy (the hero of the romance), in Crosby House, London, under

the protection of his brother, Sir Amias de Crosby, an artful scoundrel, who, in order to dispossess his nephew, hesitates not to dishonour the mother, and dispute the legitimacy of the son; to aid his purpose, he calls to his confidence Ralph Hunsley, a cool, calculating villain, slow of speech, and quick of thought—wary in taking his aim, but speedy in the blow. Sir Amias gets young Rothelan kidnapped; he is taken to the Scottish camp at Durham, and sold, as a prisoner that will bring a profitable ransom, to an old captain, one Gabriel de Glowr, of Balasid. Sir Gabriel followed the army, not as a boarder that hunts, but one that fills up the cry; in plain English, plunder was his object, and the sacking of Durham afforded him an opportunity of gaining it. On his return, however, he was met by the Muscelburghs, who were determined to share in the spoil.

Their respectable magistrate, says the author, most cordially assented to this judicious proposal; and the wives forthwith, abandoning their creels and baskets, began to tie stones in the corners of their aprons, and to take off their stockings, putting stones into the feet thereof; so making them into weapons of powerful efficacy in the flourish of free fighting. We are not, however, inclined to admit the exactness of all this, having some historical doubts relative to the stockings.

When the Amazons of Muscelburgh had thus armed their resolution, and thus armed themselves for battle, their valiant husbands drew their swords, and the whole party advanced with a determined animosity against their more successful neighbour.

The band of Gabriel de Glowr, seeing the approach of such a formidable array, halted on the heath, not daunted, but only troubled in mind on account of the danger which thus suddenly menaced their booty.

Clinkscals, for so the worthy magistrate of Muscelburgh was called, separated his forces into two divisions. The burghers he drew up in a compact body, and halted them on the brow of a knoll, while the wives, acting as light infantry, nimbly extending to the right and left, formed themselves into two crescents, and moving at a double quick time, flourished their weapons round their heads, like alligators preparing to throw, rushed in upon the heaves and horses, and enclosed them within a circle. A parley ensued, in which Sir Gabriel de Glowr and Clinkscals agreed to divide the spoil.

Under the care of Sir Gabriel de Glowr young Rothelan remains some time, and is trained in warlike exercises, in order, no doubt, to aid Sir Gabriel, who was an

avaricious border chief, in his forays. At the battle of Neville's Cross, Rothelan is, however, rescued by the English, who convey him to London; where he meets his mother. The lady Albertina, finding her marriage and the legitimacy of her son disputed, she sends to Italy for witnesses to prove their truth. Most anxiously do they wait for its arrival, and even the consolations of Adonijah are scarcely able to sustain the spirit of the afflicted lady.

At last news were brought to Adonijah that the ship was seen in the river; and the chronicler says, the story of Rothelan having become ale-house talk, the tidings of her approach caused a great movement in the town. Every man in London, who had heard of the lady's constancy and the Jew's friendship, desired to know the sequel, like a credulous child that is impatient for the retribution at the end of a tragic tale. But "there was," he observes "at this time a great thirst for strange matter among the people, the hectic of which, some of those who were astrological ascribed to malign aspects of the stars, and other signs and omens, which daily bore visible testimony to the credibility of certain baleful predictions and pestiferous prophecies, wherewith the whole of Christendom was then much troubled. The trees untimely budded, and brought forth unknown fruit, of which no lip could abide the taste; the ivy slackened her ancient hold of the wall, and shot out branches that bore wonderful leaves; great fishes were heard in the night moaning afar off in the sea; and there was a shower of worms. For an entire month the moon was not seen, and the nights were so dark, that it was feared she had wandered away from her sphere. A holy man, seven times saw a mighty hand between him and the setting sun, and it held a great sand-glass run out, which was believed to be a token that the end of time was come. The sun itself grew dim and ineffectual; an eclipse came it like an eyelid, and there was a cry that his light was gone out. A fiery star appeared in Orion, and many thought it was the torch of the angel of the judgment coming to burn the world. The earth trembled, and vast vestments, with the dark outlines of terrible forms, were seen hurrying to and fro in the skies; and a woman-child was born with two tongues."

Indeed, all historians agree, that, at this epoch, portents and prodigies became so rife, and yet continued so wonderfully that many thought and feared some new evil was confusing the certainties of nature. The minds of all sort of men were in con-

sequence excited to a state of wild and boding expectancy; inasmuch, that every new thing, to which aught of interest or curiosity attached, was magnified into something mystical and marvellous. Thus it happened, that the news of the vessel with the Florentines, though in itself of no seeming importance, is described as having been caught by the multitude as an event by which the destinies of the kingdom were to be affected. Thousands on thousands passed to the shores of the river to see her come; and boats went to meet her, as if she had been bringing home to them all the freightage of some great chance in their fortunes.

The Lady Albertina, with Rothelan and Adonijah, were among the first who hastened to greet her arrival, and they stood together at a window to see her pass to the moorings at London Bridge.

"It is strange," said the lady, "and what can it portend, that none of the boats go close to her, but all you see suddenly suspend their oars as they approach her?"

"She hath had a hard voyage," rejoined Rothelan; "look how dishevelled she is in the cordage. Some of her top-sails too are hanging in rags; and I can see, as it were, stripes of green moss down the seams of the others. They have surely been long unhandled."

Adonijah continued looking towards the ship, and appeared thoughtful and touched with care, as he said,

"Her voyage had been very long—all the way from the land of Egypt—but she was in Italy, as she came, and her course hath been in the sunny days with the gracious gales of the summer; yet is she like a thing of antiquity, for those signs of waste and decay are as if oblivion were on board. They have not come of the winds nor of the waves."

"The crowd on the shores," added the lady, "grows silent as she passes."

"There are many persons aboard," said Rothelan.

"Yes," replied Adonijah, "but only the man at the helm hath for some time voyaged; all the others are in idleness—still, still. A cold fear is crawling on my bones, to see so many persons, and every one monumental."

"Some of those who are looking over the side," said Rothelan, partaking in some degree of the Jew's dread, "droop their heads upon their breasts, and take no heed of any object. Look at those on the deck; they sit as if they were indeed marble, resting on their elbows like effigies on a tomb."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the Lady Albertina, "what horror does she bring?"

At that moment the boats assembled around the ship, suddenly made rapidly for the shore—many of the watermen stayed not till they reached the landings, but leaped into the river; then a universal cry arose, and the people were seen scattering themselves in all directions. Rothelan darted from his mother's side, and ran towards the spot, to which, instead of holding onward to the moorings, it was evident the vessel was steering to take the ground.

In his way thither he met his old friends, Sir Gabriel de Glouc and his lady, who, at his request, were still remaining in London. They, too, had been among the spectators, and were hurrying from the scene. The lady was breathless with haste and fear, her mantle was torn, and she had lost a shoe in her flight.

The Baron of Falside, before Rothelan could inquire the cause of so singular a panic, looked at him wildly, and shook his head, dragging his lady away by the arm.

"Stop!" exclaimed Rothelan, "and tell me what is the cause of all this?" But they would not stop. He also addressed himself to others, but with no success. "Turn back, come back," every one said to him as he rushed against the stream of the crowd.

The pressure and tide of the multitude slackened as he advanced; and when he was within a short distance of the place where the ship had in the meantime taken the ground, he found himself alone. He paused for a moment; as yet he saw nothing to alarm, but only the man at the helm, who, the instant that the ship touched the ground, had leaped on shore, and was coming towards him.

Rothelan ran forward to meet him, in order to inquire how it was that all on board appeared so motionless; but scarcely had he advanced ten paces, when, casting his eyes forward, he saw that each of those who were leaning over the vessel's side, and resting on the deck, were dead men, from whose hideous anatomy the skin had peeled and the flesh had fallen. They had all died of the plague.

It is not only the witnesses of Rothelan's legitimacy that fall by the plague, for although the only man that arrives at the ship is excluded from every door, and wanders desolate until he falls down dead, yet the contagion is communicated to the city, where, in its malignancy, it surpassed the ill of all other maladies, and made doctors despicable. Of a pestilence equal to death, it possessed itself of all his armouries, and was itself the death of every other mortal distemper. The touch, yea, the very sight of the infected, was

deadly; and its signs were so sudden, that families seated in happiness at their meals have seen the plague-spot begin to reddens, and have wildly scattered themselves for ever. The cement of society was dissolved by it. Mothers, when they saw the sign of the infection on the babes at their bosom, cast them from them with abhorrence. Wild places were sought for shelter; some went into ships, and anchored themselves afar off on the waters. But the angel that was pouring the vial had a foot on the sea as well as on the dry land. No place was so wild that the plague did not visit—none so secret that the quicksighted pestilence did not discover—none could fly that it did not overtake.

It was as if Heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shovelling them all into the sepulchre. Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted. The terrified gaolers fled from the felons that were in fetters; the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety; the grass grew in the market-places; the cattle went moping up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers; the rooks and the ravens came into the towns, and built their nests in the mute bellies; silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was clamouring at a window.

For a time all commerce was in coffins and shrouds; but even that ended. Shrift there was none; churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered; all went to the charnel-house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave; the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same dust into the same hole together. Fires became extinguished, as if its element too had expired; the seams of the sailerless ships yawned to the sun. Through doors were open, and coffins unwatched, there was no theft; all officers scaped, and no crime but the universal woe of the pestilence was heard of among men. The wells overflowed, and the conduits ran to waste; the dogs barked themselves together, having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land; horses perished of famine in their stalls; old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof; creditors claimed no debts, and courtiers performed their promises; little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged; it travelled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful

thing had been interposed between the world and the sun-source of life.

Many friends of Rothelin died; but Sir Amias, followed at a distance by Ralph Hamalap, went murmuring every where in quest of the infection, but he could not die.

He confessed aloud, to every one he met, the wrongs he had done to the widow and the orphan, but no one heeded his tale; for all were flying, they knew not whither from the pestilence.

He ran to the house of Adonijah, the Jew, to make restitution. The door was open, and he rushed in; but a swarm of horrible flies came buming into his face, and he heard the sound of swine grunting in the darkness within.

Ralph Hamalap, being summoned before the Bishop of Winchester, confessed to part of his knavery, and Rothelin is restored to his title and estates. He marries Blanche, the daughter of the Earl of Lincoln; and Adonijah, "whose household blood" had all perished by the plague, lives and ends his days with the Lady Albertina.

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The *Play* sent by *J. C.*, shall be attended to.

Will the Correspondent who sent us half a dozen small pamphlets in *Disasters*, give us some information respecting them, and their author?

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